

Ballet

TODAY

FEBRUARY, 1961

TWO SHILLINGS



MARGOT FONTEYN
Photo by Serge Lido in his book *BALLET No. 9.*

Ballet

TODAY

A MONTHLY REVIEW DEVOTED TO DANCE

ESTABLISHED 1946

THE MAGAZINE WITH THE WIDEST NEWS AND PHOTO COVERAGE OF BALLET
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD



NADIA NERINA IN MOSCOW
report on page 19

IN THIS ISSUE JAN./FEB. No. 1 Vol. 13

COVER PORTRAIT

This photograph of Margot Fonteyn in her dressing room is one of many hundreds of interesting and beautiful photographs taken every year by Serge Lido and published in book form. *This particular photograph appeared in BALLET No. 9 (the latest edition) and is published by kind permission of Serge Lido*

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Edited and Published by
ESTELLE HERF

from 15, Upper Brighton
Road, Surbiton, Surrey,
England, to whom all
Editorial, Advertising and
other communications should
be addressed.

PUBLISHING DATE:
The fourth Thursday in every
month except the two com-
bined issues each year (Jan./
Feb. and Aug./Sept.) which
are published on the second
Thursday in the month.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE:
For 10 issues a year, Inland
and Overseas 23s. 6d. p.a.
(\$3.50). Single copies 2s.
monthly, post 4d. extra.
Readers in France can pay
in their own currency in
Paris, on application to *Ballet
Today* office as above, or direct
to Paris bank. (See coupon on
page 21.)

Sole Agents:
Australasia: Gordon & Gotch Ltd.;
South Africa: Central News Agency
Ltd.; Federation of Rhodesia and
Nyasaland: Kingstons Ltd.
Printed by Richard Madley Ltd., 54
Grafton Way, London, W.1,
England.

OUR NEXT ISSUE WILL BE PUBLISHED ON 23rd FEBRUARY, 1961



GALA MATINÉE

Backstage after the performance (l. to r.) Dame Margot Fonteyn, who organised the matinée in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother and young dancers drawn from the London Centre of the R.A.D. Scholars' Classes. More pictures on page 9

DAME MARGOT gave her usual press party at her beautiful Kensington home the day following her return to London from the U.S.A. tour of the Royal Ballet. She had flown in from Paris the night before accompanied by her husband Dr. Roberto Arias, who has been newly re-appointed Panamanian Ambassador after an absence from the post of two years.

Looking very well, Dame Margot was, as always, the happy smiling hostess who manages to make everything seem such fun, although it must surely have been a strain after such a tour to pick up the threads and find the press waiting for her news.

This year's Gala was the best ever, with international stars flying in to London from all over the world to take part in an exciting programme. A review of the performance appears on page 9.

DAME ADELINE GENÉE, who was a guest at the press party, took advantage of the occasion to present Dame Margot, as President, with a tapestry of the insignia of the Royal Academy of Dancing which she had worked herself. Dame Adeline was, of course, the first President of the R.A.D. until 1954. Every time I meet this charming lady I am sure the reference books listing the date of her birth as 1878 *must* be wrong. Alas,



Dame Adeline Genée presents Fonteyn with the tapestry she has worked. Admiring it in the garden of Dame Margot's home (l. to r.) Mrs. Gilpin, Marie Rambert, and John Gilpin



Anton Dolin at the party to launch his book. Seen with him is Dennis Gray Stoll who reviewed the Dolin autobiography for Ballet Today. Photo: Ian James

I never saw her dance, but she is my favourite ballerina. I have cause to remember her gentle kindness for when I attended one of my earliest ballet parties it was Dame Adeline who took me under her wing, introducing me to people and generally making me feel at home.

JOHN GILPIN, looking very bronzed after his return from South Africa and a brief visit to Monte Carlo (reported on page 20), was at the party with his wife. I asked him what he would be doing following his appearance at the Gala, but he told me that his plans were not yet settled.

MR. AND MRS. FRANCIS S. MASON, Jr., held an At Home for Miss Maria Tallchief (who was to dance at the Gala) at Canonbury House on December 6, but as London and its environs were blanketed in a thick fog I was unable to get there.

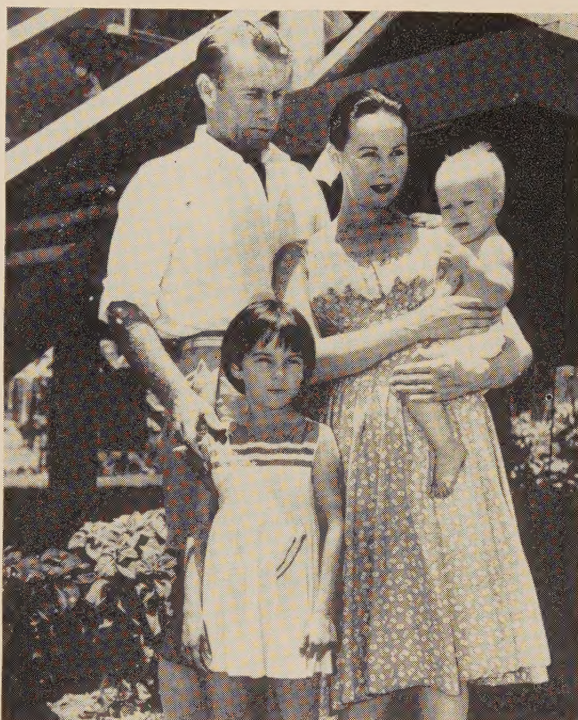
ANTON DOLIN'S life continues to be like Anton Dolin's autobiography, recently published, full of ups and downs. Things get better or worse, but never stand still. Certainly the past year has brought him his share of troubles. It is not so long since he recovered from a bad accident to his foot and, before the year was out, he suffered another blow in the loss of his beloved mother. We offer him our deepest sympathy.

The autobiography was launched by the Oldbourne Press at a reception held at the Arts Educational School in Piccadilly, lent for the occasion by Miss Grace Cone, who was Anton Dolin's first tutor in ballet. This beautiful house, before it became a school, belonged to Sir Alexander Korda, the film magnate. Mr. Tom Blackburn, chairman of Beaverbrook Newspapers, presented Mr.

Dolin with a special copy in the presence of members of the book trade and people from the ballet world, including many famous dancers, choreographers and teachers.

Dolin, who has now severed his connection with Festival Ballet, had flown in for the reception from Africa where, dancing with Belinda Wright, John Gilpin and Toby Fine, he had concluded a highly successful tour.

Another disappointment for Dolin was in store; for the first time for several years he was unable to obtain a West End theatre for his Christmas show, *Where the Rainbow Ends*. Mr. Dolin's future plans are still uncertain at the time of going to press, but he has signed up for a Hurok tour of the U.S.A. in the autumn to lecture on "The Russian Ballet Under Diaghilev" and "Ballet in Britain."



MY favourite "away from it all" picture of the month: Elaine Fifield with her husband Les Farley and her daughters Margaret, aged six, and Louise, 12 months old. The picture was taken at their home in Papua. Fifield gave up a brilliant career at Covent Garden to be with her husband on a six-hundred-acre rubber plantation deep in the Papuan jungle in New Guinea, where she is very popular with the native children.

BOTH TV channels included quite a variety of dancing in Christmas programmes. Amongst them was David Lichine's light-hearted ballet, *Graduation Ball* televised by the B.B.C. on Tuesday, 27th December. The cast of Festival Ballet was headed by Belinda Wright with Vassilie Trunoff, Louis Godfrey, Diane Westerman and Ronald Emblem. Belinda Wright and Trunoff are seen in our picture (below) and (left) Belinda adjusts the pigtail of the naughty schoolgirl, Diane Westerman.

Photo by courtesy of B.B.C.





DR. JULIAN BRAUNSWEG, of Festival Ballet, brought over Zsuzsa Kun, Prima Ballerina of the Budapest State Opera, to dance the Sugar Plum Fairy in the Company's production of *Nutcracker* during the Christmas season at Royal Festival Hall.

My crystal ball tells me that Dr. Braunschweg will spring many more surprises upon us during 1961, and this policy of bringing over young stars from other countries is a good one. We shall not like all his finds, but at least it gives Londoners an opportunity to judge for themselves, and for as little as 7s. 6d. (highest price tickets 17s. 6d.)

During the season Dr. Braunschweg also presented his latest discovery, the sixteen-year-old baby ballerina Gillian Shane. A review of the Company's season will appear in our next issue.

When the *Nutcracker* season finishes on January 14 the Company will leave London

for a tour of Doncaster, Hull, Sunderland and Exeter. Shortly afterwards they leave for a tour abroad, which will take them to Venice, Catania in Sicily, Genoa, terminating with a week in Monte Carlo during the Easter season. Afterwards they will come back to this country to fill weeks in Brighton, Bournemouth, Wolverhampton and Bristol, and then be off once more on a European tour covering Brussels, Munich, Rome, Trieste, Geneva, Lausanne and Florence. To the latter city critics from all over the world are to be invited to the première. There will follow some dates with the various European festivals and then the Company will return to London ready for the usual mid-July to September season at the Royal Festival Hall.

As from the Monte Carlo season Irina Borowska will join the Company, partnered by Michael Maule.

Dr. Julian Braunschweg

news from here and there

EDITOR'S LOG—continued

WHEN a show flops the cry goes up "Nobody knows what they like, least of all the public," but if the Royal Opera House Annual Report 1959-60 recently issued is anything to go by, you do know what you want and you can't be talked out of it—unless something new and equally interesting comes along. Last year the analysis of Ballet performances at the Garden showed that *Ondine* was top favourite, and a study of this year's table of average paid attendances shows that there is little variation in the order in which you select your favourite ballets. *Ondine* still remains at the top of the list, followed closely by Frederick Ashton's *La Fille Mal Gardée*, which made its appearance in the repertoire for the first time at the end of January, 1960. *Swan Lake* jockeyed up into third position in place of *Cinderella*, which this year came fourth; *Giselle* slipped lower in order of popularity and the *Prince of the Pagodas* still remained at the bottom of the class.

The Report states: "We spoke in our last report of the hard fact that some of the productions which are most highly praised by exacting critics do not fill the house. The most recent example of this was the three performances of the opera *Elektra* this summer . . . which were acknowledged on all sides to have reached a level rarely attained. Yet, after the first night, the house was selling to less than forty per cent. of capacity."

My, my, what an obstinate lot you are, but I am sure you enjoyed yourselves even if the critics had a thin time. One of them wrote of "a depressing evening, which was made even more depressing by the apparent enjoyment of the audience."

Still, there is one thing to be said for you, you do keep the dancers in business.

MY "plea for the specialist magazine" in *Editor's Log* December issue brought in a lot of wonderful letters. I would love to publish them all but the one from Dennis Gray Stoll, printed on page 8, is typical of many, confirming what I had already surmised—that the general public does not realise the difficulties under which small magazines struggle today in an effort to keep going despite rising costs. I cannot answer your letters separately I am afraid, but I would like to thank you here for your interest, promise of continued support and all the delightful Christmas cards you sent me.



Miskovitch in his new *Fledermaus* costume by Delfau.

Photo: Serge Lido.

Miskovitch

Milorad Miskovitch has departed for a tour of the U.S.A. for three months as principal guest star of the Chicago Opera Ballet. Our photograph shows Miskovitch in his new costume, by Delfau, for *Fledermaus*, and he will also appear in *The Merry Widow*, partnering Melissa Hayden and Sonia Arova during the tour.

Ballet Rambert

Ballet Rambert had little time for rest over the Christmas season, on Boxing Day they flew to Malta to commence a week's season at Valetta, the following week they commenced a tour of Blackpool, York, and Wilmslow which will take them up to 21st January. Then with a brief break from touring, but no time for idling, they commence rehearsals for *La Sylphide* which is to be televised. On the 6th February they resume touring. Quite a programme!

No Honeymoon

Ballet Rambert's principal ballerina, Lucette Aldous married Maurice Fitzmaurice, son of Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy on Saturday, December 10th at 12 noon.

The couple, who are both 22, first met when Lucette was dancing with the Ballet Rambert in Cambridge. Fitzmaurice, who is studying there, was introduced to her by a friend after one of the performances.

There was no time for a honeymoon. On Thursday the 8th, only two days before the wedding, Lucette partnered by John Gilpin took part in the Gala Matinée at Drury Lane before the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret, and the week after the wedding was spent rehearsing for an appearance on BBC TV. These engagements were in addition to her commitments with Ballet Rambert.

Luisillo

After Luisillo's ten weeks' tour here during the summer, the company returned to Spain to appear at the Dance Festivals. This tour closed with a season at the Teatro Eslava, in Madrid. From Spain Luisillo began a tour of Portugal, which ended with a season at the Teatro Sao Joao at Porto.

Then to Paris, where at the Théâtre de L'Etoile the company met with success in the new Luisillo ballet *La Espera*. One Paris critic called Luisillo the Balanchine of the Spanish Dance.

From Paris the company participated in a Gala performance at the Palais des Beaux Arts in Brussels in honour of Dona Fabiola and King Badouin of Belgium. This season began on 11th December. From Brussels the company began a season at the Théâtre de Municipal, Cannes. The company then commenced to tour Italy for a month beginning 1st January, 1961.

Gala Performance

The annual Gala Performance in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund and the School Endowment Fund will be held this year at Covent Garden in the presence of The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret on 14th February. Frederick Ashton's new two act ballet *Les Deux Pigeons* will be premiered starring Lynn Seymour, Elizabeth Anderton and Donald Britton. The other item on the programme is *Veneziana*, which will be danced by Doreen Wells, Audrey Farriss, Elaine Thomas, Alexander Bennet, Johaar Mosaval, and Michael Coleman.

LONDON REVIEWS

by FERNAU HALL



ANTONIO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET COMPANY

IN a note in the programme of the Antonio season at the Royalty Theatre (beginning 30th November) Antonio gives an interesting account of how and why he formed a Spanish ballet company. But his statement that "Spanish ballet was born" when he first presented his company at a gala performance in Granada in 1953 is misleading, to put it mildly; in fact there was Spanish ballet (bringing together Spanish steps and the classical technique) in the nineteenth century, and the genre was revived just before the first World War when Falla wrote *El Amor Brujo* for the great gypsy danseuse Pastora Imperio.

Antonio's latest ballet, *Jugando al Toro*, fills the whole middle section of the programme; it brings on to the stage a sizeable company of nearly thirty dancers and half a dozen scene changes. It has a very complex story, by Vicente Vila-Belda, full of abstract symbolic characters (Fame, Fortune, Vanity, Failure, Courage, Fear, Defeat, and Love) which offer insuperable problems to the choreographer and designer, and in fact neither makes much effort to come to grips with these tenuous abstractions (who dance together much of the time, merging into a general fog of mystification). The result is that the ballet takes a long time to get under way: there is a great deal of parading about and stagy gesturing and posing, until quite suddenly the "master of the bulls" (Pepe Soler) appears and does a brilliant little Flamenco solo holding what looks like a pop-gun; the programme is evasive, but to those familiar with bull-fight lore, it is clear that the hero (as a young boy) has gone to a bull-ranch at night to practise cape-work on live bulls—a practice severely condemned because it makes the bulls dangerous to the bull-fighters—and is caught red-handed.

Unfortunately this highly dramatic interruption does not affect the general development of the ballet. Later there is a long pas de deux of the Bullfighter (Antonio) and the symbolic figure of Love (Carmen Rollan) which has its moments; but Antonio as choreographer seems to have no idea how to translate the woman dancing as his partner on to the plane of symbolism: she seems a very real woman, but one whose dancing achievements are severely limited by the fact that she is in bare feet. (It is hard to understand why she combines bare feet and a very ornate Andalusian flounced skirt.)

Then we come to the bull-fight itself: almost ignored in the programme-note, but (very properly) developed at considerable length by Antonio. He treats it for the most part in a light-hearted way which suits his particular gifts as a choreographer: the picadors, for example, are men riding hobby-horses, and the mules shake their shoulders and heads with winsome charm. In fact all the earlier sections of the bull-fight come off theatrically at their own level. But the final stage, in which Antonio appears with muleta and sword, is treated by Antonio as something very serious. Technically this pas de deux of bull-fighter and bull is very interesting, for Antonio treats it mainly as an exercise in cross-rhythms: the bull stamps out heavy slow rhythms while the bull-fighter traces around them an arabesque of quick light beats (the orchestra being silent). The trouble is that the bull—in black, with a calf-sized head-mask—looks rather smaller than the bull-fighter in his brilliant *traje de luces*, and so the battle between the two lacks any real tension: it is all too obvious from the beginning that the poor little bull-calf hasn't got a chance.

Antonio is hampered not only by the story, but also by the music, written for him by the Spanish composer Cristobal Halffter; this is only in a very vague sense Spanish, so that it does not provide a suitable accompaniment for Spanish steps, and for a good deal of the time it has no rhythmic pulse capable of calling the dancers into action. In fact Antonio can, when he feels like it, impose Spanish foot-rhythms on music which belongs to a quite different world—as he does in the dance of the "master of the bulls"; but for most of the ballet he seems rather baffled by the music, paying little attention to it and yet not creating any bold patterns of his own.

The costumes and settings by Bernard Daydé have a bright, gay, decorative frivolity which does very well for the bull-fight scene—and in fact do much to ensure its success; but elsewhere they are

quite out of key with the heavy symbolism. The faceless symbolic characters are particularly confused and depressing. What is more, he makes a serious mistake in filling in the back of the stage with a cyclorama in a colour intermediate between beige and khaki: this takes all the joy out of the bright colours deployed in front of it, and destroys some of the mystery created by the lighting (which is generally intelligent and apt).

The opening item in the programme, *Variations on a Spanish Rhapsody*, is even more disappointing, for it takes the form of a suite of stylised folk-dances, and Antonio has in the past shown superb mastery of this genre. Here again he is crippled by the music—an orchestration by Cristobal Halffter (almost in palm-court style) of a piece by Albeniz. Even in the jota, Albeniz-Halffter never allows the rhythm to build up for more than a few bars at a time, so that almost as soon as the dancers get established in effective steps they are forced to break off for another bout of pretentious posturing. Never have I seen so much holding aloft of hats, so many gimmicks with shawls. This is quite unlike Antonio, and after a time it becomes clear that he is trying to translate Balanchine's style into Spanish terms; at one moment he even reproduces Balanchine's favourite device of putting a number of dancers in a diagonal line and sending other dancers to thread their way along the line. In fact it would be hard to imagine a more unsuitable model for a suite of Spanish folk-dances than one of Balanchine's abstract ballets. The company—which maintains an extraordinarily high standard of youth, elegance and good looks—does its level best to put some feeling into the patterns, and one can be sure that they will be a riot when Antonio presents them in something worthy of their talent and his.

The programme ends with the inevitable Cuadro Flamenco, giving good opportunities to some of its finest dancers and ensuring the success of the show. This particular Flamenco suite really comes alive in the third item, a Taranto performed by Carmen Rojas. She starts quietly, with the back-bends and lovely sinuous hand-gestures that belong to the oldest, most Oriental stratum of Flamenco; gradually the dance gains in mystery and intensity—in the finest traditional Flamenco manner; then, about half-way, it subtly changes character: the dancer begins to insert some witty, unexpected, off-beat movements—such as snake-like quivers of the trunk—and this grotesque quality grows (as the dance speeds up) until it becomes dominant, without, however, displacing the mysterious, Oriental quality completely. Carmen Rojas is slender, elegant and dynamic, giving a very individual twist to her movements: a Flamenco artist of very rare quality. (The audience, galvanised by her exceptional achievements, responds with shouts of applause.)

Now the programme is firmly established on the right lines: this is the sort of thing we have learned to expect from an Antonio show: and he ends the evening by displaying his mastery of several aspects of flamenco. Above all he shows himself a master of rhythm in a long passage of *taconeo* (heel-and-toe work), and a master of zany humour in a series of Bulerías entrées with Carmen Rojas as his partner.

ERNEST BERK

ON 30th November Ernest Berk gave his first solo recital for a long time at St. Pancras Town Hall. This recital was like a retrospective exhibition by a painter, showing examples of work from different periods: it is characteristic of Berk that one of the best items dated from the beginning of his career and another was as new as could be, being improvised on the spot. He has unfortunately not kept in his repertoire examples of some of his most important genres—there was nothing, for example, in the Indian style of the remarkable ballet *Sakuntala* (1945), and nothing in the classically modern style of *Trilustrum* (1948). But he has continued to develop on other lines, and two of the most striking aspects of his performance were its variety and its freshness.

The recital had an unhappy beginning with *Harlequinade*, intended as light comedy but actually rather heavy-handed in a dated Wigman

manner. But *Time on my Hands* (Antics of bored scarecrow) gave some opportunities to Berk's fantastic sense of humour; and *Apparitions* made a very strong impression. This item was created by Berk before the War, as the result of seeing two masks in a window in Salzburg, and is just as fascinating now as it ever was. In dim lighting we see a strange mask, suggesting a man's face; it moves mysteriously, and is joined by another mask—that of a woman; then a third mask joins the first two—and an unearthly drama is played out between the three Actually one mask was worn by Berk on his face, while the others were carried by his hands; but the illusion of three apparitions was amazingly convincing: slight changes in the angle of the masks to the light caused their expressions to change.

Then followed a number of mimes, in a grotesque style which suits Berk and which he had made very much his own. The best of these was *Telephone Box*, in which he created a delightful clown-figure of a man trying to dial a number but getting into all sorts of ludicrous difficulties.

Six Little Piano Pieces, to music by Schoenberg, was even more impressive than when he performed it some months ago at a performance with his pupils at the Stanhope Institute. In the fifth piece he established an intriguing combination of bold gestures with legs and arms (setting up spiral patterns in space corresponding to the melodic line of the music) and expressive hand movements owing something to Indian mudras; this piece is very short, but fortunately Berk was able to carry forward his choreographic imagery into the final piece

and so wind up the sequence of dances with splendid finality. Clearly he had done a lot of work on this sequence, making each section stand out with its own mood and skilfully linking the items with statuesque geometric movements.

Rainmaker had a magnificent witch-doctor costume (with great streamers rising upward and backward from the head) and incorporated some excellent ideas. But the dance would have carried more conviction if the feet had beaten out some bold rhythms—rhythms which Berk can produce with the greatest power and facility when he has a mind to.

A delightful mime, *Starting a Motorbike on a Cold Morning*, began as an improvisation at the Stanhope Institute performance, in response to a suggestion from a member of the audience. Berk made a mad heroic drama (with a good deal of comic repetition) out of a motorcyclist's attempts to start his vehicle—finally stripping down to his (imaginary) underwear. But the best mime of the whole evening was an improvised item that ended the show: in response to a request from a member of the audience, he created the part of a drunkard who staggers from bar to bar, with leg movements and facial expressions becoming more and more ecstatically grotesque. The co-ordination between the drunk's movements and the music (improvised by Berk's talented pianist, Harold Lester) was so perfect that it was almost impossible to believe that they were both improvising. But I had good reason to know that this was the case: the suggestion of a drunkard came from me.

CINDERELLA AT COVENT GARDEN

RELENTLESSLY seasonable, the Royal Ballet (second company with a number of stars from the first company) returned to Covent Garden just before Christmas with a series of performances of *Cinderella*. This is a boring ballet, padded out to quite excessive length, but it has some striking moments—notably the solos of the fairies in Act I—and it was very interesting to see what the soloists of the second company would make of them.

In the event we saw three successes and two flops. Barbara Remington was quite inadequate as the Fairy Godmother, showing a desperate lack of stage presence. But she was followed by Doreen Wells, who was appropriately crisp and elegant as the Spring Fairy. Then came two of the most promising and individual of the senior soloists of the second company, Elizabeth Anderton and Audrey Farris: both have striking personalities and did well. And not only did they dance well, they made the most of their performances by excellent make-up and coiffure. After them it was a shock to descend to something as dull as Carole Needham's performance in the role of the Fairy Winter: instead of producing the right crystalline quality (suggesting the sparkle of ice in winter sunshine) she simply made her movements hard.

Ashton's decision to give the roles of the ugly sisters to two girls still arouses criticism; understandably, for these two roles do not carry conviction. On the other hand they were banal even when interpreted by men able to evoke the Panto Dame tradition, for the choreography lacks the wild, almost surrealist humour of the best real Dames. Rosemary Lindsay is far the better of the two present sisters: unlike Meriel Evans, she does her very best to achieve consistency of style, and really dances—understanding very well that there is no humour in what is simply bad dancing with unpointed feet. Her near-sighted timidity is at times amusing and even pathetic.

Beriosova (who took the title role on 19th December) is now dancing with a dignity, a nobility and a gracious lyricism which give distinction to her smallest movement: even her *révérence* is a work of art. There is not much variety in the role of Cinderella, but she brought out with



A rehearsal picture of two veteran Cinderellas and one new one. At back: Fonteyn, Beriosova, and below, the young Canadian, Lynn Seymour, who danced the role for the first time at Covent Garden on 17th December.

Miss Seymour has another very important date on the 14th February when she dances before the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret in the role of Gourouli, a part specially created for her by Frederick Ashton in his new two-act ballet *Les Deux Pigeons*.

clarity and ease the transitions of mood in the solos between melancholy and gaiety. As always, her relaxation was a delight: no dancer can let her arms hang at her sides more naturally than Beriosova.

One of the most interesting aspects of this production of *Cinderella* by the second company was the dancing in Act II by the four Prince's Friends: Christopher Gable, Alexander Bennett, Robert Mead and Ian Hamilton. In fact we saw four male dancers of which any company might be proud,

dancing with precision, grace and masculine power. Christopher Gable was particularly good, achieving an individual elegance suggestive of a Regency dandy.

Beriosova's performance in the title role on 19th December was followed by that of Lynn Seymour two days later. This talented young Canadian showed real promise as the Bride in *Le Baiser de la Fée*, but failed to make the most of the role of Cinderella because she did not bring out the contrasts between the different choreographic sections

of the role, sticking almost to one style and one mood throughout. She could profit greatly from a study of the interpretations of Fonteyn and Beriosova, watching how they establish the different moods: the playfulness of the byplay with the broom, the pathos of the recurrent moments in which one pointe is brushed on the ground in front of the body, the lyricism in adagio, the brilliance in fast movements, and so on.

CECCHETTI CHOREOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

THE practice of giving all pupils experience in choreography is perhaps the most important of all the innovations made by the Cecchetti Society: this has significance both in the training of future dancers (all of whom must be capable of working in an intelligent, imaginative and understanding way on new ballets) and in the early fostering of the creative ability of future choreographers.

As usual it was the Junior Section (up to 13 years) which stood out at the Competition held on 26th November at Holy Apostles Church Hall. Here the standard among the ten finalists was on average higher than ever before. In fact the judges were faced with an embarrassing task in selecting winners among so many good items: in the event, they spoke well of no less than five out of the ten entries, and awarded a tied first place to two entries.

Choreographically the most striking entry was the runner-up, C.A.T. *Spells "Cat"*, by twelve-year old Fiona Fairrie (pupil of Nesta Brooking). This was real child art—the exact equivalent of the wonderful child paintings so familiar today. Its conception was delightfully original and charming, something no adult could possibly have imagined. Three girls (somewhat cat-like in movement) impersonated the three letters "C", "A" and "T"; then a small cat appeared—really a kitten, but the choreography demanded by six letters would have been excessively complex—and danced with each of the letters in turn. The kitten was danced by tiny twelve-year-old Susan Harwich with an acute sense of the different types of movement and gesture employed by felines.

Even more impressive as a dancer was ten-year-old Susan Smith (pupil of Eileen Langland), who shared first prize with her solo *The Musical Box Ballerina*: this showed a dancer on top of a musical box coming to life, and the execution of this idea had a rather intriguing twist in that the dancer became disturbed on finding that (Trilby-like) she was subject to the playing of the box. Susan Smith looked very much a ballerina (notwithstanding her small stature) and gave each step its appropriate grace and elegance: the dropping of her head on the final note was a delightful touch.

The other half of the first prize was taken by *Jack and Jill*, arranged by eleven-year-old Adrienne Poster (Arts Educational School). This showed the familiar story with economy and directness: like the best of the other junior choreographers, Adrienne Poster seemed to find it natural and easy to combine dance-steps and mime in the presentation of a story. The two dancers showed spirit and humour in their characterisation.

The prize for the best use of music went to Beverley Hadden for *Christmas Eve*: this had merit, but—as C. W. Beaumont, speaking on behalf of the jury, remarked—the solo would have gained if the Christmas present had been introduced sooner.

One unusual and interesting solo was *The Reluctant Student*, arranged and danced by ten-year-old Margaret Zimmerman. This showed a student getting into trouble through watching television, and was danced with such feeling and such crispness of gesture one wondered if it contained a certain element of autobiography.

The entries in the Senior Section and in the Non-Competitive Section (for those of 17 years and over) showed little of the imaginative sparkle of the best of the Junior entries: as happens in other arts, the onset of adolescence seems to inhibit the creative faculty. First prize in the Senior Section was won by 14-year-old Louisa Lambe (pupil of Nesta Brooking) with *Revenge in the Workbasket*. This ballet, bringing together a pair of scissors, a thimble, and some pieces of elastic, was based on a good idea with comic possibilities; but these were not well exploited.

The most interesting aspect of the Senior section was the dancing of that remarkable artist Ann Whitley (15) in two items and that of Kay Fraser (16) in her own ballet *The Volcano Sacrifice*. Ann Whitley was particularly successful, as in the past, in so transforming conventional choreography that it looked meaningful.

The most impressive aspect of the Non-Competitive Section was the professional discipline of a "corps de ballet" of Brooking pupils in two items: though the girls almost filled the small stage, they moved with ease and precision, keeping their lines and never getting in each other's way under conditions that might well have daunted an experienced company.

FERNAU HALL

Letters to the Editor

Dear Miss Herf,

Just recently I had the pleasure of seeing the Royal Ballet perform at our historic Metropolitan Opera House in New York City and I can truthfully say that this is the best ballet group of dancers that I have ever seen. Their schedule at the Met was for six full weeks, with a change of program every other night. Out of the seven shows presented I have seen seven. My favorite was the new and original *La Fille Mal Gardée* danced by the exciting team of Nadia Nerina and David Blair with the able assistance of Alexander Grant. The perennial favorite of course was *The Sleeping Beauty*, danced by the excellent team Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes. And not forgetting the ever beautiful *Les Sylphides*, a ballet that is so relaxing and easy on the eyes, and which I never get tired of seeing performed. The Metropolitan had full houses at every performance, with people standing on every floor every night that I was there.

After each show I talked with some members of the group over coffee and snacks at their hotels and snack bars. I came away each time with the feeling that they are a credit to the arts and to Great Britain. They have good manners, are gracious, and show a great amount of patience. Good manners and patience are two things that Americans have been losing for quite some time now. I shall miss these goodwill Ambassadors from Great Britain and will look forward to the next time they come this way again.

I do not want to forget the other artists and ballerinas who gave very fine performances.

Miss Svetlana Beriosova, Brian Shaw, Donald Macleary, Anya Linden, Annette Page, Julia Farron, Ronald Hynd, Leslie Edwards and the girl who I could go for Deanne Bergsma.

To sum up my impressions of the Royal Ballet: the dance pairs were handsomely matched; the numbers showed sheer beauty of movement; dance variations in some numbers showed brilliance and had dramatic impact; and not forgetting the backbone of any ballet group, the corps, they were delightful to watch and dancing all the numbers with such deceptive ease and expressing a degree of warmth and pride in their dancing.

I hope, Miss Herf, that you will not find this letter too long or overdone, but I mean every word I have said about this fine ballet group.

WALTER FARRAR, Jersey City.

Dear Editor,

I hope your appeal in "Editor's Log" will meet with a wide response. Many people do not realise the seriousness of the position of the small cultural magazine. Commercialism is dragging down standards at an enormous rate, and without magazines like yours we shall soon find ourselves well on the road to cultural bankruptcy. On the way back from London I asked at the station bookstalls for the *Musical Times*. They hadn't got it, nor any other musical paper—only the commercial jazz stuff. They had *Ballet Today*, thanks to you and your valiant husband. More power to your elbow!

DENNIS GRAY STOLL, Monmouth, Eng.

Creative Work by Scottish Group

An interesting programme mingling traditional Scots and creative free dance styles was presented recently by the Sylvia Macbeth Theatre-Dance Group at the little 299 Theatre in Glasgow, with two one-night stands at Bo'ness and Larbert following.

Sylvia MacBeth started training with Margaret Morris at the Celtic Ballet College, Glasgow, ten years ago and is now principal dancer, teacher and choreographer in the Celtic Ballet. She toured in the U.S.A. in 1954 and has performed with the Ballet throughout Scotland.

Eighteen of her dances were included in the recent programme, including examples of her experimental "dance-without-music" composed to foot, hand and drum-beats. These latter, in particular her solo, *Life*, demonstrate how the limitations of free dance movement can be turned to expressive advantage. Others of the newly-created dances in which the whole company of dancers (4 m., 4 f.) took part owe much of their success to borrowings from the line and pattern of classical ballet. It is where the whole responsibility for execution, expression and interpretation of dramatic point is centred upon Miss MacBeth herself that she comes off best. The level of her achievement in this regard establishes her claim for consideration as an important new figure in the field of free dance.

Her teacher, Margaret Morris, who was in London in October to celebrate the jubilee of her Margaret Morris Movement, begun there in 1910, is pleased with the progress of the committee which was set up some time ago to appeal for funds to finance her project to bring into existence a Scottish National Ballet.

The ultimate success of this appeal will enable work such as Sylvia MacBeth's, with its successful development of Scottish Highland and country dance steps into the more expressive dances demanded from the modern theatre, to secure a wider audience.

D. K. CAMERON, Glasgow.

R.A.D. GALA MATINÉE AT DRURY LANE

IT was quite a gala at Drury Lane on 8th December. In fact Margot Fonteyn had managed to bring together a high proportion of the international stars of the dance world of today, to dance before the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and a packed house.

With supreme tact she put herself on second, immediately after the item *Brittany Beach* performed by dancers from the London centre of the R.A.D. Scholars' classes. Partnered by Michael Somes, she danced the great pas de deux which is the heart and soul of *The Firebird*. Though this is part of a dramatic ballet, it is so complete in itself that it stands up well to performance as one item in a mixed programme. Deprived of the sight of Fonteyn for so long, we were delighted to see her at the top of her form, in one of her greatest roles. From my seat, in front and at the extreme left, I had a view unobtainable at Covent Garden, and was fascinated by some new aspects of her performance—notably the pathetic quivering of her head just before the Firebird abandons resistance.

The most interesting part of the next item—extracts from *Czernyana*, performed by the Ballet Rambert—was a pas de deux *Nuages* performed by Lucette Aldous and John Gilpin. These two artists are made for each other: they match perfectly in height, physique, style and temperament. What is more, Gilpin has relaxed since his last performances with the Festival Ballet,

when he was obviously under considerable tension. . . . The two of them moving smoothly together made such an attractive picture one longed to see Gilpin with the Ballet Rambert again, even for a few guest appearances.

Hommage à Garnier, one of the items choreographed by Lifar for the film *Le Spectre de la Danse*, was even duller on stage than on the screen. Nina Vyrubova made a serious mistake in choosing this for her performance with André Prokovsky: with all her charm she could not transform the wooden enchainements into something stageworthy.

The first novelty of the evening was *Zuimaaluti*, a ballet performed by the Ballet de Rio de Janeiro, with choreography by Nina Verchinina and a story based on a voodoo legend of North Brazil. This promised to be very interesting, for Nina was one of the most exciting dancers in the Ballets-Russes in the thirties, bringing together ballet and modern dance in a new way in Massine's first two symphonic ballets. But it came a long way short of expectations: the choreographer mainly used clichés from early Fokine ballets which looked all wrong in the context, and her work took nothing from the African voodoo dances of Brazil. In the title role Elza Garcia Galvez showed a vivid personality, but got little chance to show much dancing ability as she performed ballet steps in bare feet.



Nina Vyrubova

After the interval we saw George Skibine's *Idylle*. This proved to be an amusing and occasionally witty pas de trois for three horses; or, more exactly, two stallions and



Left:—John Gilpin finishes his solo watched by Frederick Ashton from the wings

Margot Fonteyn with the company of the Ballet de Rio de Janeiro, who danced a new Brazilian ballet at the Gala Matinée. On the right—not in costume—is Dalal Achcar, the Company Manager





Above, Marjorie Tallchief and Georges Skibine in *Idylle*

The two Tallchief sisters, Marjorie (left) and Maria (right)

a mare. Marjorie Tallchief was effectively frivolous and gullible as a mare, easily taken in by the wiles of a glamorous and stuck-up circus-horse (Vladimir Skouratoff); but the mare discovers that the circus horse looks silly without his trappings, and returns to her dull but good-hearted lover (Georges Skibine). The best moments were those when Marjorie Tallchief pawed the ground in variations on the *pas de cheval*.

Then came two solos: John Gilpin supple and elegant in the fourth variation from *Variations for Four*, and Alicia Markova (looking quite astonishingly Greek in a silver wig) smooth and lyrical in a dance arranged for the opera *Orpheus*.

In some ways the climax of the show was the "Black Swan" pas de deux, stunningly performed by Maria Tallchief and Erik Bruhn: she is a dancer of enormous talent, very well suited to this exacting pas de deux (in which she seemed to laugh at the fear-some technical difficulties), while he is a danseur noble like no other in the world, combining Danish ease and forcefulness with a truly Russian grace, breadth and nobility—and, to crown all, he is quite remarkably handsome in face and body.

The show ended in a manner very similar to the show a few streets away at the Royalty, with Antonio and his Spanish Ballet. But Antonio made one very interesting change to the finale, adding a Sevillanas for two couples (Antonio-Rojas, Ruiz-Segovia) of which the second *copla* was performed with great speed and brilliance, accompanied only by the castanets of the dancers and the *palmas* of the company, beating out the ancient Sevillanas rhythm *arià, arià, pi-tà!*

reviewed by FERNAU HALL



ALL THE PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS FEATURE WERE TAKEN AT REHEARSAL BY BALLET TODAY PHOTOGRAPHER IAN JAMES

choreographers of today



PETER AND THE WOLF

Juan Corelli takes Madeleine Lafon in a last rehearsal a few minutes before the transmission.

Photo: S. Biron

JUAN CORELLI

text by PIERRE NICOT

BUT for an accident Juan Corelli would have become a leading local dancer—nothing more. He was a dancer at the Liceo Theatre in Barcelona, preparing himself for a humble career in Spain. One day he was in a lift when the cable broke, and his legs were badly broken, so he had to give up the idea of a dancing career. It was a cruel thing to happen to a dancer but it gave him his big chance, for he was not really cut out to be a dancer, being too anxious to widen his range of knowledge, too imaginative, and could never have become the passive instrument that choreographers demand.

This accident brought great misery to the young dancer. His father was rich, but not charitable towards a son who was incapable of supporting himself. Juan Corelli left for

England to try to get some proper treatment. The English surgeons did wonders, and Corelli found himself on his feet again, convalescent—but in very difficult circumstances. Thin as a shadow, he sold hot-dogs to keep alive in London, and almost succumbed to despair. He was saved by Russian generosity; Nadine Nicolaeva-Legat, despite the fact that she knew he could never again become a dancer, offered him a three-year scholarship at her school in Tunbridge Wells. But unfortunately he could not make use of

CONCERTO DE ARANJUEZ
Rosella Hightower and Vladimir Skouratoff
Photo: Michel Petit





SIRÈNES with Madeleine Lafon and Vassili Sulich

Photo: S. Biro

this generous gesture, because the application for a renewal of his visa was turned down.

If London was hard for the young Spaniard, Paris was even more so. He found no pity in the French capital or in its narrow and chauvinistic dance world. He struggled on in a vain attempt to dance once again, working between classes as a valet. His courage never deserted him, for already he dreamed of creating ballets; but when? and where? He did not know. All the same, he found himself drawn to studying the relationship between dancing and film or television. He worked out, in an endless series of sketches, movements of cameras to fit the movements of dancers; and when the pangs of hunger became too oppressive this precociously mature adolescent shut himself in the library of the American Cultural Institute to study line by line works such as Sergei Eisenstein's *Film Form*. At the same time he was equally preoccupied with the eternal problem of something that is indispensable: the renewal of the forms of stage ballet. He longed to become, one day, not just an inventor of enchainements but a producer of actors, a complete creator of ballets.

But where could he apply these beautiful theories? He began to knock on the doors of the producers of French television, who of course did not know him from Adam. They refused to take him seriously—until one day the head of children's programmes, William Magnin, consented to listen to him. He

found that the young man who was as thin as a corpse, with ragged clothes, had much of interest to say. Some experiments were made, with conclusive results . . . But dancing has relatively little importance in this sort of programme. Then Maurice Blettery, responsible for a jazz programme, asked Corelli for several ballets: not very appreciative of this sort of music, Corelli did a workmanlike job but no more.

Finally he had his big chance; conquering his shyness, he asked to see Lucienne Bernadac, the producer of an important programme called *Music for You*. He went to the meeting without much hope; but Lucienne Bernadac did more than listen to him. After several hours of impassioned discussion, she gave him the means of producing, under good conditions, his first real ballet, and thanks to her intelligence and understanding, a new choreographer was born, one who was due to make his name known to many millions of viewers by the sheer force of his talent.

On 30th December, 1958, Juan Corelli produced a ballet with Rosella Hightower and Vladimir Skouratoff as dancers. Squeezing her very limited budget, Lucienne Bernadac gave her choreographer every chance to make the most of a talent in which she believed. The pas de deux which appeared on the screen, lasting 11 minutes, in fact established this talent unmistakably. This ballet, arranged to the *Concerto de Aranjuez* (for guitar and orchestra) of Joaquin Rodrigo, contained all the tender

melancholy which Corelli felt when thinking of his country. Rosella Hightower was very moving, holding the hearts of viewers between the pointes of her ballet shoes . . . Brigitte Bardot, dancing the *Sylvia* pas de deux the following day with Michel Renault, suffered cruelly from the comparison with Hightower.

A week later Juan Corelli's first great ballet was transmitted—one which is still talked about as a masterpiece—*Le Combat de Tancrède et Clorinde*, with music by Claudio Monteverdi. As danced by Colette Marchand and Vassili Sulich, this was so successful that arrangements were made for a second version (with Madeleine Lafon and Vladimir Skouratoff) which was even more convincing. Here Madeleine Lafon was given the chance of a lifetime: classified for good and all (quite unjustly) as a dancer who was "cold and lacking in expression; a pure technician without a soul," she revealed herself, when produced by Corelli, as having talents for tragedy which she had been supposed to lack entirely.

Corelli's successes now became numerous; in fact he had only one failure—*Libera Me*, an oratorio-ballet by Father Martin, a work not at all suitable for choreographic treatment. But the young choreographer put balletomanes in his debt by a series of fine works: *Le Lamento d'Ariane* with music by Monteverdi, *Sirènes* with music by Debussy, *Le Rossignol et l'Empereur de Chine* with music by Stravinsky, and quite recently *Pierre et le Loup* (Peter and the Wolf) with

music by Prokofiev. Little by little the fame of this unique artist has passed outside the narrow world of French television. His ballets have been seen on the screens of foreign countries—Germany, Holland, Belgium, the Lebanon. He was invited to stage *Trio* at the Hanover Opera, where he had considerable success. Now he has to ration his time in order to cope with the proposals made to him.

Corelli is a choreographer who is genuinely original: he is the first to use a really new style comparable to that of Paddy Chayevsky, the American television and film writer. For Corelli, television is spontaneity, raw movement, direct expression, rhythm. This being so, what could be more televisual than sport and dancing? The direct transmission of the fleeting images of a body in movement seems to him superior as a choreographic medium to the film, where everything may be falsified in the cutting room. First and foremost he was fascinated by the dangerous and spontaneous aspects of television—those aspects related to sport.

From the beginning he also showed himself aware of the vanity of attempting to transform the external form of the art of the dance: everything has been attempted in this direction since Nijinska undertook to transform the classical school in a way dictated by her inspiration. This is equally true of themes: the myths have been ransacked, people have tried to make ballets out of Homer, Balzac, Sartre or practically anybody. *Musique concrète*, abstract sculpture, all styles of painting, all the intellectual and artistic researches of today have been called to the aid of an art which was in danger of dying of anaemia: a congenital anaemia, an inborn defect which is connected with the psychology of the artists, with their lack of co-ordination between life, culture and real inspiration. This divorce makes ballet into the “hysterical art” of which Gertrude Stein speaks, and not the inevitable creation which it ought to be. On the other hand it seemed to Corelli that dancing is above all movement—a form of movement which never dies. He therefore felt it essential to make sense of the researches

of his elders of the avant-garde. He had to make a synthesis of the various forms and discoveries and cause them to break out of the narrow and provincial limitations which have hemmed in and crushed the art of ballet.

One may think of Juan Corelli as a sort of surgeon: perhaps his operations will free French ballet of the meaningless accretions fastened on it (under the guise of new forms) by snobs and those artists with their eye on the snobs. In the long run he may even succeed in this great task.

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TRIO staged by Corelli at the Hanover Opera. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Wolfgang Winter, Diane Mansart and Horst Krause rehearsing at the Landestheater.

Photo: Helmut Wesemann



careers in pictures

ELEONORA VLASOVA of the Stanislavsky

by NINA KARASYOVA

THIS slim young woman with her big shining eyes and dark mop of hair attracts your attention from the very first.

Eleonora Vlasova is a ballerina of great dramatic gifts. She has a light step, and her dancing is emotional and technically consummate.

Born in 1931, into a worker's family, she was fond of music and dancing as a child, and loved to improvise to music.

One of her mother's friends advised putting Eleonora in the Moscow Ballet School, but the Vlasovs were doubtful whether their daughter would be enrolled there, for out of the hundreds who applied, very few were accepted after the entrance examinations. However, they decided to chance it, and Eleonora was enrolled. This was in 1943. She was then 12 years old and was accepted by the experimental department with a six-year term of studies, where she attended M. Kozhukhova's class. Later she studied under M. Leontyeva, whose class she finished in 1949.

Eleonora made fine progress in all the subjects, but found the classical dance difficult to cope with. According to the school's tradition, a dancer could only hope to join the company of the Bolshoi's ballet if he or she received the highest marks for the classical dance at the graduation examinations.

Eleonora was therefore very agitated at the examinations (whose board included leading ballerinas and choreographers), but she managed to perform all the required exercises without the slightest effort. She received the highest mark for the classical dance, but was qualified as a character dancer. The way to the Bolshoi Theatre was open to her, but that season there were no vacancies in the famous company, and so she joined the ballet company of the Stanislavsky



and Nemirovich-Danchenko Theatre instead, and has been successfully appearing on its stage for 11 years.

During her first season there she was given the leading role of Vanechka in Morozov's ballet, *Doctor Aibolit*. Soon she danced the little variation in the third act of Pugni's *Esmeralda*. While working on the variation, she was carried away by the ballet as a whole, re-read Hugo's novel several times and dreamed of performing the role of the ballet's heroine. Her next role was that of Fleur De Lys in *Esmeralda*. Then, several days later, she was entrusted with the part of Esmeralda.

She has created an unforgettable image of the heroine of *Notre Dame de Paris*, in which the lyrical and dramatic elements are intertwined. This, and the heroic part of Jeanne d'Arc, are Vlasova's favourite roles.

She also dances the parts of Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake*, the gentle and brave Laurencia in Glière's *Daughter of Castille*, Bilyana in Hristich's *Legend of Ochrid*, Anna in Oransky's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the lovely actress in *Straussiana*, Medora in Adam's *Le Corsaire*, and Jeanne d'Arc in Peiko's ballet of that name.

Eleonora Vlasova also frequently appears on the concert stage, both in the Soviet Union and abroad. Her partners are M. Liepa, M. Salop, Y. Kuznetsov and A. Chichinadze.

She has participated in two World Festivals of Youth and Students in Hungary and Poland, and has appeared with great success in China, France, Hungary, Germany and Denmark. Ballet lovers of Great Britain saw her dance when she appeared with a group on a friendship tour of eight provincial cities.

Left: In a scene from Glière's ballet *Daughter of Castille* Eleonora Vlasova as Laurencia and M. Salop as Frondoso



In a scene from Act II of Le Corsaire. Eleonora Vlasova as Gulnar.

... ROLES DANCED ...

Vanechka in Morozov's ballet, *Doctor Aibolit*

Fleur De Lys Esmeralda and Variations in Act III	}	of Pagni's ballet, <i>Esmeralda</i> .
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Laurencia in Glière's ballet, *Daughter of Castille*.

Odette-Odile in Tchaikovsky's ballet, *Swan Lake*.

Jeanne d'Arc in Peiko's ballet, *Jeanne d'Arc*.

Bilyana The Mermaid	}	in Hristich's <i>Legend of Ochrid</i>
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Gulnar Medora	}	in Adam's ballet, <i>Le Corsaire</i> .
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Anna in Oransky's ballet, *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Hulnar in *Schéhrazade*, music by Rimsky-Korsakov.

The Actress in *Straussiana*.

Natasha in Spadavecchia's ballet, *Shore of Happiness*.

Zarema. Fragment from Asafiev's ballet, *Fountain of Bakhchisarai*.

Lola. Fragment from Vasilenko's ballet *Lola*.



E. Vlasova (extreme right) as Vanechka in Doctor Aibolit, with (left) V. Lukina as Tanechka and O. Sholkov as Barmalei.

THE DANCING WORLD

an international feature
reporting world news in reviews
and pictures

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Below: A new photograph of the Moiseyev
Dance Company in the Bashkir Maiden
Dance *Seven Girls*. Photo: E. Umnov.

News from Paris

THE gala on 27th October at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées was a sensational success. The show began on the avenue itself, at the entrance to the theatre, where a great red carpet was spread; above it hung crystal chandeliers, and an awning of red velvet. A crowd gathered on the avenue to watch the guests arrive: the Begum, the Maharani of Baroda, some of the most famous models of Paris, the members of the Diplomatic Corps from fifteen countries, the whole dance world of Paris—in fact “tout Paris”.

A marquis—not the Marquis de Cuevas—decided to come in a sedan chair borne by two lackeys dressed in costumes of the Louis XV period. As for the Marquis de Cuevas, he was carried into the theatre, followed by the Marquise and a battalion of nurses. During the performance entry to his box was forbidden by two gardes républicains. When he entered his box, he was greeted with tremendous applause, and he stayed to see the whole show.

On stage the company was seen to good advantage: in fact the production by Robert Helpmann is clear and precise. Genia Melikova is a beautiful Lilac Fairy, but it would be better if she were a little musical. Rosella Hightower, the star whom Paris has always loved, dances her role to perfection. Nicolas Polajenko has made progress both in his leaping technique and in his stage demeanour. Olga Adabache is a Carabosse in the great tradition. The surprise of the evening was the young dancer André Prokovsky, whose elevation, ballon, and supple and

easy leaps are remarkable. He appeared only as the seller of precious stones in the marriage scene, but this was enough for him to make a very favourable impression.

Unfortunately some excessive liberties have been taken with Petipa's choreography, in certain details likely to be missed by the audience. (This is the first time *The Sleeping Beauty* has been given in Paris in its entirety.) The Blue Bird pas de deux was not entirely satisfactory: Beatrix Consuelo and Georges Goviloff are fine artists, but they lack the perfection of style demanded by such an important work.

The settings and costumes of Larrain were frankly baroque. They were monotonous, without any real style, with colours in rather sickly shades—unhappily reflecting current fashions. But the public seemed delighted with this orgy of feathers! Everything gets mixed up in areas of colour which are rather disagreeable to the eye. As it happens, this matter was the basis of the first quarrel between the management and Nijinska during the preparation of the ballet. (The work of Mme. Nijinska was suddenly stopped by order of the management on 28th September. Robert Helpmann was then called in as producer and Raimundo Larrain, nephew of the Marques de Cuevas, put in charge of the decor and costumes.)

The success in Paris of *The Sleeping Beauty* is incontestable. The company remains at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées until the beginning of January.

FERDINAND REYNA



the dancing world



WALKING ON AIR. The Czech National Ballet Company at rehearsal during their season at the Théâtre Etoile in Paris.



WINNIPEG. Sonia Taverner and David Shields, who have had a great personal success in the 10,000 mile tour just completed by the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, are seen here in the Black Swan pas de deux from Act III of *Swan Lake*.
Photo by Campbell and Chipman

To mark the company's 21st birthday celebrations two leading Russian dancers were flown direct to Winnipeg to take part in four successive performances of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet on December 27th to 30th. Olga Moiseeva, a soloist of the Leningrad Ballet and Askold Makarov who has a distinguished record in Russian ballet, opera and theatre, will perform a pas de deux of their own choice, and dance the leading roles in Act Two of *Swan Lake* with the company.

NADIA NERINA IN MOSCOW

by NINA KARASYOVA

NADIA NERINA of the British Royal Ballet made her first guest appearance at the Bolshoi Theatre in October in *Swan Lake*.

Her Moscow audience gave her a very warm reception. She was especially cordially greeted by the Bolshoi's ballet company, including its chief choreographer Leonid Lavrovsky, ballet coach, Marina Semyonova, and conductor Yuri Fayer. Nadia Nerina was very pleased to meet her old partner of the London production of *Giselle*, Nikolai Fadeychev of the Bolshoi Theatre.

As always, the theatre was packed to overflowing. In the director's box were prima ballerinas G. Ulanova, M. Plisetskaya, R. Struchkova, O. Lepeshinskaya; chief ballet master Leonid Lavrovsky, chief stage designer V. Ryndin, M. Semyonova, the theatre's guest performers, Y. Chauviré and Y. Algaroff. The cast of *Swan Lake* that evening included N. Fadeychev, G. Farmanyants, A. Begak, A. Radunsky, N. Fyodorova, M. Smirnova, S. Zvyagina, Y. Sangovich, M. Kolpakchi, and A. Buguslavskaya.

When the last strains of the music died away and triumphant Odette and the Prince had vanquished the Evil Sorcerer, Fadeychev offered Nerina a great bouquet of flowers. Nadia Nerina had many curtain calls, and when at last the audience dispersed, the stage became filled with people. The whole cast, with Lavrovsky and Fayer at their head, gathered to congratulate their dear guest on her great success.

The day after her Moscow début, Nadia Nerina met the members of the "U.S.S.R.-Great Britain" society at the Friendship House. She spent several pleasant hours there talking with her Soviet colleagues who warmly recalled their trip to London. Nadia Nerina

Continued on next page

Nadia Nerina as Odile and Nikolai Fadeychev as the Prince in the Bolshoi Theatre production of *Swan Lake*, October 23rd, 1960

Nadia Nerina at a reception held in her honour at Friendship House, Moscow. (l to r) Nerina's interpreter; Natalia Roslavleva (Rene) Chairman of the Ballet section of the USSR-Great Britain Society; Nadia Nerina (hand on chin), Nina Karasyova *Ballet Today* correspondent in Moscow, Leonid Lavrovsky chief Ballet Master of the Bolshoi Theatre, and Marius Liepa soloist at the same theatre.



said she had derived great pleasure from her encounter with her Soviet friends and her performance in Moscow. "I love to dance in other countries, for it helps me to know more of their art, music and ballet, and, what is most important, to talk to people and understand them better."

Towards the close of the evening at Friendship House, Nadia Nerina was shown a colour documentary called "Inspired Flight" about the ballet schools of Moscow, Leningrad, Perm, Tashkent, Alma-Ata, and Kishinev. The film included concert numbers and fragments from classical ballets as performed by the graduates of those schools. Nadia Nerina saw Marina Semyonova and her class, Katya Maximova, now a soloist of the Bolshoi Theatre, and Nureyev and Sizova whom she was to meet at the Kirov Opera and Ballet Theatre in Leningrad when she appeared there in *Giselle* with K. Sergeyev, and Yelena Ryabinkina with her teacher Y. Gerdt. Nadia Nerina was particularly interested in the young Ryabinkina, finding that she was very much like the British ballerina Anya Linden.

The critics noted that Nadia Nerina's dancing was strongly influenced by the Russian ballet school, whose canons she has tried to follow, especially after meeting the dancers of the Bolshoi Theatre in London and Paris.

In 1961 Nadia Nerina will arrive in Moscow again with the British Royal Ballet. In return, artists of the Kirov Ballet Company of Leningrad will appear in London.

HAMBURG

IT is always interesting to watch the growth of young companies endeavouring to press to the fore in the world of ballet. The Hamburg State Ballet is just another of these but it has been more fortunate than most, in having recently benefited by the visit of Balanchine, who produced his well known *Concerto Barocco* and *Serenade* as well as conducting many of the company classes.

The première of these two ballets together with *La Peau de Chagrin* (music by Semenoff) and a *Pas de Deux*, both of which were choreographed by Peter van Dyck, was presented on October 11th.

The evening opened with *Concerto Barocco* in which the eight corps de ballet girls were led by soloists, Christa Kempf, Uta Graf and Heinz Clauss. This was followed by van Dyck's most beautiful pas de deux to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, danced by Jacqueline Rayet and Peter van Dyck, from the Paris Opera House.

La Peau de Chagrin which van Dyck had previously produced in Paris, was presented here for the first time and gave one of Germany's leading male soloists, Rainer Köchermann, a role in which his fine sense of drama could be seen to advantage.

The programme was brought to a conclusion with *Serenade* brilliantly danced by Jacqueline Rayet, Christa Kempf, Heinz Clauss, and Heinz Schmiedel.

By working so closely with Balanchine, the company Ballet Master, Herr Blank, well known throughout West Germany as a foremost teacher, was able to present a first class production.

ROBIN HAMILTON-WEBB

Miss Hamilton-Webb, an Australian by birth, came to London four years ago to complete her training as a dancer under Phyllis Bedells, the Royal Ballet school and Cleo Nordi.



Milorad Miskovitch chatting to our critic Col. Farrington and his wife outside the famous Café de Paris, Monte Carlo.

MONTE CARLO GALA

FOR the National Fête Day of the Principality of Monaco the Sovereign Prince, Rainier III, certainly spares no effort to ensure enjoyment for his subjects, with all sorts of shows and festivities. The climax is the Gala performance at the Salle Garnier, which the Prince offers to selected subjects, his officials, Consular Corps and distinguished foreign residents. On the evening of 19th November this Gala was again devoted to Ballet. This is happily becoming a tradition.

Monsieur Besnard, Director of the Opera, had received the Prince's approval to a nicely balanced programme which included a world première by Lifar, our own John Gilpin with Belinda Wright and that fine individualist Miskovitch. While waiting for the arrival of the Princely party I was able to enjoy the new glory of the Salle Garnier, completely redecorated and aglow with gold and crimson, a veritable jewel of a small Opera house, on this occasion enhanced by a profusion of red and white flowers.

After the reception of the Prince and Princess the curtain rose to Lifar's new creation, *La Dame de Pique*. Based on Tchaikovsky's opera from the novel by Pouchkine, Lifar and Eugene Grunberg had balletised the work as closely as possible to the original and few adaptations were introduced. These, to my mind, were well conceived, clarifying the story as shown in the ballet. Lifar also used the waltz from Tchaikovsky's *Eugène Onégin* for his ball tableau.

The story is set in the St. Petersburg of 1830. Hermann (Youly Algaroff), an impoverished officer, is obsessed by the idea of mending his fortunes at the card table. With his friend Count Tomski (Ivan Dragadze) he sees a wealthy old Countess (Marie Davydova) in the summer gardens. She is with her niece Lisa (Claire Sombert) and her fiancé Prince Eletzki (Leo Lauer).

Tomski tells Hermann that in her youth the old lady had lost an immense fortune at cards, but, receiving a secret system from one of her lovers, had not only regained the fortune but increased it. Hermann decides to secure the secret at any cost, his first move being to make love to Lisa and thus reach the Countess. But the latter is not deceived and when Hermann, using a key to her room that he has obtained from Lisa, intoxicated by the waltz at a great ball, finds himself in the aunt's anteroom as she prepares to retire, he hastily conceals himself. Believing herself to be alone she sings reminiscences of her youth, then sees the menacing figure of Hermann. She will not part with the secret and Hermann produces a pistol; the secret or death. She dies of a heart attack as Lisa enters. Back in his room at the barracks Hermann reads a letter from Lisa in which she expresses her faith in him and arranges a rendezvous by the River Neva. There is a tap on the window and, horrified, Hermann sees the ghost of the Countess. She imparts the secret—the seven of clubs, the three of hearts, the ace of diamonds. But Hermann must marry Lisa and make her happy. Hermann meets Lisa by the Neva. But his obsession is paramount, he has the secret and Lisa has served her purpose. He repulses her and she throws herself into the river. At the Officers' Club there is a gay evening and play is high. Hermann enters and plays the seven of clubs. He wins. Then the three of hearts, again a win. Eletzki offers to play his fortune on the next card. Sure of winning, Hermann throws the ace, but the card turns to the queen of spades, the card of Death, symbol of the old Countess. Ruined, he falls senseless.

The ballet was developed in two parts, with seven tableaux. Lifar most effectively introduced the phantoms of the cards,

Continued at foot of next page

THE ROYAL BALLET IN SAN FRANCISCO

THE appearance of the Royal Ballet (November 4th-13th) proved those intriguing reports from England to be true.

For the past few years, we have been hearing about young dancers, either completely unknown in America or known only as soloists, who have shown remarkable artistic development. With many featured dancers of earlier seasons no longer with the company, with such a currently featured dancer as Nerina not on tour, and with Margot Fonteyn appearing only as often as befits her title of "guest artist," the Royal Ballet's San Francisco engagement made great use of the younger dancers. They met their responsibilities splendidly.

Fonteyn earned her usual ovation at opening night's *Sleeping Beauty*. But subsequent Auroras were danced by Annette Page and Anya Linden. Of these performances, I was able to see Miss Linden's, a carefully studied and satisfactory one. The new production with its refurbished scenery and expanded transformation and Carabosse scenes was marred only by some badly designed and coloured costumes.

Svetlana Beriosova's *Swan Lake* has improved since it was last seen in America. Then and now, her Odette, though cool, possessed regal bearing and fine line. Whereas formerly she seemed at a total loss in her portrayal of Odile, she has now tried to establish a characterisation, making her a sorceress who employs a vast array of feminine wiles to snare Siegfried. While details are still not firm and her "Black Swan" pas de deux lacks fluency, the performance gives evidence of work and thought.

The first performance of *La Fille Mal Gardée* was on the eve of the presidential election. Before the curtain's rise, the emotional atmosphere in the surprisingly

empty auditorium was so frosty that one almost expected the ushers to ice-skate down the aisles. Once the curtain was up, it became clear to all but a minority who pronounced it "vapid" that *La Fille Mal Gardée* is a comic masterpiece.

Ashton's choreographic resourcefulness is amazing. His characters, though not complex, are very real people made convincing not only by the sheer ingenuity of the choreography, but also from a discerning selection of details, ranging from agricultural implements to Lise's musings upon pregnancy. The setting is French, but the ballet partakes of a British comic tradition which includes Fielding, Goldsmith, and Dickens. Stanley Holden, Alexander Grant, and David Blair were excellent in their usual roles. In Nerina's role, Merle Park possessed youthful vivacity and, more important to her future growth, good technique, musicality, and fine phrasing.

Odine was slightly less successful. The ballet has a wonderfully atmospheric score (a refreshing contrast after a diet of Tchaikovsky), good choreography for the principals, and a superb performance by Fonteyn. Yet there is a sort of choreographic garrulity about this ballet, as though Ashton were unwilling to let go of each episode and move on to the next. With its scenic paraphernalia borrowed from the Victorian theatre, this new ballet seems hoary with age, whereas Bournonville's *La Sylphide*, a ballet really hoary with age, looked remarkably fresh when the Danes danced it recently.

The new production of *Giselle* also inspired mixed feelings. Assets include the restoration of the peasant pas de deux and tightening of dramatic detail. On the other hand, the amount of mime is excessive.

There is also an unattractive sugary coyness about the production, a quality which tainted an otherwise commendable performance by Fonteyn. The final moment, in which Albrecht rushes back to the Princess, is an anticlimatic piece of staging in quite poor taste.

Now, at the risk of being an ill-tempered host to some charming guests, the following statement must be made—the Royal Ballet's San Francisco season exhibited disgracefully inept programming.

In an engagement of slightly less than two weeks, five ballets were given, all of them evening-length. The publicists made much of this fact, implying that the evening-length ballet was a superior form to the one-act ballet. Actually, of course, both are equally valid forms, and such glorification of one at the expense of the other is a tendency which may prove to have pernicious consequences.

While it is stimulating to see the Royal Ballet revive the long neglected evening-length ballet, its two new works of this type side-step the problem of creating a modern evening-length form. For both are tributes to a past era, rather than new departures. It is admirable that the company has respect for tradition, but it must also heed Ezra Pound's advice to poets and "make it new" if the evening-length ballet is ever again to be a potent creative form.

Worst of all, the programmes showed almost nothing of modern British ballet. The rich Ashton repertoire was virtually untouched. And as for Cranko and MacMillan, there was no way of knowing they even existed.

In short, the San Francisco season was a triumph of performance but not of creativity.

JACK ANDERSON

MONTE CARLO GALA—continued

danced convincingly by Yvonne Meyer, Hélène Sadvovska, Catherine Verneuil and Sylvia Heamming. These haunted Hermann throughout, cajoling or threatening. Algaroff had a difficult and exhausting role, rarely off the stage, and only a dancer of his experience could have carried it so successfully. As the unfortunate Lisa, Sombert was appealingly naïve, dancing a delightfully smooth interpretation of the emotions of the young girl. Davydova brought reality to the Countess, her singing, well blending senility with a nice voice, being most effective.

Dame de Pique is an ambitious ballet with strong dramatic effect. The décor and costumes of Annenkov were adequate without being outstanding. The ballet received a deservedly good reception and will certainly be seen elsewhere. I enjoyed it.

After the lengthy interval we settled in our seats to see *Le Cid*, a pas de deux to music by Jules Massenet, choreography by Jean Combes and costumes by Fresnay. I found this a well-rounded pas de deux in the classic tradition, giving scope to the dancers. Miskovitch and Yvonne Meyer did not fail to rise to the occasion. Miskovitch is a danseur noble in the great tradition, virile, with cleanly finished technique and imposing presence. Meyer has a blonde beauty and her body is neatly built. She knows how to use these gifts. This pas de deux was all too short.

After a few moments came the opening bars of *Arlequinade*, a pas de deux to music

by Drigo, choreography by Anton Dolin and costumes by Dan Snyders. Knowing that John Gilpin and Belinda Wright had only shortly arrived from South Africa by air I feared that the long journey might blunt their performance. This was certainly not so, for they just sparkled effortlessly through the pas de deux; Gilpin naughtily enterprising, to be repulsed with truly French "espièglerie" by Wright. I was amused to see the reactions of the staid, mostly elderly Monégasques; they just loved it. So, I felt, did the dancers.

The evening closed with *Cherche Partenaire*, to music by Henri Betti, choreography by Georges Reich and costumes by Levasseur. A dancer (Miskovitch) is seeking a partner. He arrives in his studio and limbers up. The first aspirant, Nicole Nogaret, arrives, all dark eyes and romance. She dances a lurid series, dark eyes ever fixed on the bored Miskovitch. He dismisses her with quiet courtesy. Then comes the modern dancer (Lena Skerla), jumping into action by flinging off shoes and dropping her dress to dance jazz in bra and pants. But again the dancer is not interested, for through the door has come a timid, blonde ingénue (Yvonne Meyer) with a formidable mother. To encourage her he shows her a few steps, which she follows with quiet assurance. He leads her to a pas de deux which becomes too intimate to please the mother, who drags the unwilling girl from the studio. The dancer turns down the lights and prepares to leave.

He dances a few steps of the pas de deux in regret, when through the lighted door the girl returns alone.

Miskovitch danced the pas de deux with Meyer with a charming understanding, Meyer delightfully showing the timid dancer on her first audition. Altogether an unpretentious little ballet which was just right to send us home, very late, with pleasant memories of yet another Ballet evening as the guests of H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco.

J. R. FARRINGTON

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NEW BOOKS

Teach Yourself Guidebook to the Ballet. By Cyril Swinson (English Universities Press 7/6d.)

Although this book is in the well-known "Teach Yourself" series do not imagine that after buying a copy you can reach for the back of a chair and start to teach yourself the technique of ballet by consulting its pages. God forbid. The author, Cyril Swinson, has studied the subject too long and is too wise to the dangers of such a course to perpetrate such a crime. The aim of this book, as it sets out clearly in the foreword, is to provide a general introduction to ballet and contains much useful information on the necessary attributes of a dancer, the functions of the choreographer, designer and musician. In addition the reader is given the background history of ballet, a glossary of technical terms, a classified list of books and magazines on the subject and nearly forty good photographs of ballets and dancers from many parts of the world.

Mr. Swinson forestalls criticism by saying that in his thirty years' attendance at the ballet he has developed some prejudices, but I agree with him when he naughtily points out "not so many as some of our present-day critics." Anyone who can write, as he does, "If audiences do not support a new ballet, it is not necessarily the fault of the audience," has my vote. The beginner can so easily be put off by some abstruse work and come to the conclusion that the whole subject is way beyond his comprehension and best left alone.

The Nutcracker. By Cyril Swinson (A. & C. Black 4/-)

There can be few readers who have not yet encountered this well-known series of stories of the Ballet, which to date has covered most of the classics and many modern productions. This, the thirteenth in the series, is another example of Mr. Swinson's positive genius for keeping the budding balletomane's interest, for anyone who has seen the Festival Ballet's production at the Royal Festival Hall this Christmas will, I am sure, like to know more about the ballet. Both the beginner and the confirmed balletomane will find all they require in this little book. The story of the ballet and its first production, Petipa's original scenario from which Tchaikovsky worked when composing the music, details of other productions throughout the world, and, for good measure, charming illustrations reproduced from woodcuts by Bertall and other artists which were made for Dumas' version of the Nutcracker story, and several photographs by Mike Davis and Anthony.

Theatre World Annual No. 11. Edited by Frances Stephens. (Barrie and Rockliff. 27s. 6d.).

Within the limits of space at his disposal the editor of this volume does a very good job in listing and describing plays and players in West End productions, and all the photographs are very well produced on excellent paper. My grouse lies in the fact that so little of the space available is given over to ballet. Out of a total of 176 only two pages are devoted to ballets produced in London between the 1st June, 1959, and 31st May, 1960, and the four ballets covered in these pages are all Royal Ballet productions. Looking at this, one would not think that we had other ballet companies in London. Ballet Rambert premiered two new ballets by Morrice and Cranko during their London season at Sadler's Wells, and even allowing for the fact that Cranko's work *Antigone*, produced for the Royal Ballet, had already been mentioned, surely some reference to Ballet Rambert's new productions should have been made. Noel Coward's ballet *London Morning*, premiered by Festival Ballet on the 14th July, 1959, is similarly ignored. If for no other reason than the fact that this was Noel Coward's first venture in this field, it was worth putting on record.

Primarily, of course, this annual is devoted to the theatre, but if ballets are included then space should be allotted to something from each Company's new productions.

ESTELLE HERF

The Story of Dance. By A. L. Haskell. Sampson, Low, Marston. 21s.

The Rathbone Books series "Wonderful World" fully lives up to its title: the illustrations are very numerous (covering something like three-quarters of the total space), well chosen, often very unusual, splendidly reproduced, imaginatively laid out—and often in colour. How on earth do they do it at the price? The book on ballet fully maintains the standard of previous volumes, and would make an ideal present for any dancer, or in fact anyone interested in dancing. One small complaint: the opportunity was missed of showing a photograph of an Indian classical dancer of today in the same pose as the statue of Siva Nataraj; this would have been more illuminating than the comparison of the Nataraj with a Bharata Natyam dancer in a different pose.

FERNAU HALL

N.B.—This book was published last July, but review copies have not been sent out until now.

The Ballet Annual 1961. Edited by A. L. Haskell & Mary Clarke. A. & C. Black. 30s.

Ballet Annual continues in its way without important change: the format established with the first issue (fifteen years ago) has proved admirable, and has quite properly been maintained, with the addition of certain important regular features such as the list of dance events in the major cities of the world. An important section this year is *Homage to Ashton*, with short contributions from Arnold Haskell, Marie Rambert, Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, Georges Balanchine and Vera Volkova. As one might expect, the various contributions tell us a good deal about the writers as well as about Ashton. Margot Fonteyn, for example, writes that "the genius of Ashton's choreography lies in its ability to express what cannot be said in words; it searches out the essence of the music and flows directly from the music with the apparent simplicity that comes only with the greatest art." Michael Somes writes with admirable intelligence about such important matters as variation in speed and magnitude of movement. But I missed any detailed account of Ashton's development over the past three decades.

Other important articles include one by Amina Chatwin and P. J. S. Richardson on John Weaver (*The Father of English Ballet*) and another by Tamara Karsavina on *Benois the Magician*.

Advanced Historical Dances. By Melusine Wood. Published by C. W. Beaumont for the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing. 42s.

With this large and handsome book Melusine Wood completes the series of three books on historical dances—a series which is a "must" not only for teachers of historical dancing but anyone concerned with the history of dancing and ballet. In fact one of the most interesting sections of this book is called "The Transition to Ballet", taking us from the *balli* and *balletti* of the early Italian Renaissance right up to and past the seminal work of John Weaver.

The greater part of the book is devoted to detailed descriptions of individual dances of different periods; but there are also some valuable introductions to the various sections in which Miss Wood puts the dances in their social setting.

La Fille Mal Gardée. Edited by Ivor Guest. The Dancing Times. 7s. 6d.

This little book makes an admirable beginning to a new series to be devoted to famous ballets. It begins with the scenario of the original production, and contains (*inter alia*) articles by the choreographer (Ashton), the music-arranger (John Lanchbery), the star dancer (Nadia Nerina), the designer (Osbert Lancaster), one of the greatest *Lises* of the past (Karsavina) and two ballet historians (Ivor Guest and Lilian Moore). Here are riches. Among so much of interest, it is hard to pick out any particular item for comment; but one of the most important sections is that devoted by Karsavina to Ivanov's choreography for the version used in the Maryinsky in her day. Ivanov was a choreographer of the highest interest, doing work of great importance at a time when the renaissance in ballet was just getting under way, and Karsavina's remarks on him are a major contribution to ballet history.

Ballet Exercises for Athletes. Devised by Andrew Hardie. Amateur Athletic Association in collaboration with the Royal Academy of Dancing. 2s. 6d.

In 1956 some high jumpers approached the R.A.D. because they thought they might gain something from ballet training. The experiments which followed were successful, and resulted eventually in the preparation of a series of ballet exercises suitable for athletes of many kinds.

The exercises described in this booklet are clearly inspired by the barre work and centre practice of ballet, but they are by no means identical with those done by the dancer: clearly those responsible for their preparation have taken a lot of trouble to adapt the ballet exercises so as to give the athlete just the help he needs. The illustrations by Fougasse are delightful, being well designed to reassure the athlete that he is not being led into something precious or effeminate.

All the books on this page were reviewed by FERNAU HALL.

NEW BOOKS Continued on next page

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PROGRAMMES FOR THE MONTH

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THE ROYAL BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN

11th Jan.	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Nerina, Ashbridge)
12th	Thur.	(eve)	<i>Pineapple Poll, The Invitation, Sweeney Todd</i>
14th	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Seymour, Doyle)
14th	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Nerina, Ashbridge)
17th	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote, Facade</i>
19th	Thur.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Seymour, Doyle)
21st	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Nerina, Ashbridge)
25th	Wed.	(eve)	<i>Coppelia, Sweeney Todd</i>
27th	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Solitaire, La Fete Etrange, Don Quixote, Facade</i>
31st	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote, Facade</i>
4th Feb.	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd</i>
4th	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Pineapple Poll, Les Sylphides, Sweeney Todd</i>
7th	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Nerina, Ashbridge)
10th	Fri.	(eve)	<i>Les Sylphides, The Invitation, Don Quixote, Facade</i>
11th	Sat.	(mat)	<i>Le Lac Des Cygnes</i> (Wells, Gable)
14th	Tues.	(eve)	<i>Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund Gala</i> (Postal bookings only)
16th	Thur.	(eve)	<i>Les Deux Pigeons, Veneziana</i>
18th	Sat.	(eve)	<i>Les Deux Pigeons, Veneziana</i>

BALLET RAMBERT ON TOUR

w/c 9th Jan.	Theatre Royal, York
" 16th "	Rex Theatre, Wilmslow
" 23rd "	Richmond Theatre, Richmond, Surrey
" 6th Feb.	Palace Theatre, Watford
" 13th "	Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon
" 20th "	De Montford Hall, Leicester

FESTIVAL BALLET ON TOUR

w/c 23rd Jan.	Gaumont Theatre, Doncaster
" 30th "	New Theatre, Hull
" 6th Feb.	Sunderland Theatre, Sunderland
" 13th "	Theatre Royal, Exeter

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NEW BOOKS—continued

The Dancer's Heritage—A Short History of Ballet. By Ivor Guest. A. & C. Black, 18s.

Anyone who starts out to write a short history of ballet has everything against him. History is by its very nature far from brief, and once you take the scissors to a picture there is always a danger that it will end up on the floor in snippets.

All in all, Mr. Guest has come through the ordeal rather well. If far too short, his book is nevertheless most readable and informative. He is too intelligent to use history to grind anybody's axe, and his worst sins are those of omission rather than commission.

In her excellent Foreword, Dame Margot Fonteyn seizes upon the importance of his book to dancers who cannot create the true atmosphere of the ballets of the past without a sound knowledge of dance history. But the book is of equal importance to the ballet-goer who owes it to himself to play a receptive part on the other side of the footlights.

Mr. Guest covers a wide ground from the beginnings of ballet in the Italian Renaissance courts, to what Dame Margot racily describes as today's "ballets of violence and blue jeans." His account of early nineteenth-century Romantic Ballet is vivid, incidentally revealing what a rich source of inspiration this field still is for modern choreographers and scenarists. In writing of the famous Fanny Cerrito's success at Her Majesty's Theatre in *Ondine*, he tells us that the effective Shadow Dance idea was borrowed by Frederick Ashton for his own *Ondine* at Covent Garden.

Cerrito, an historian's ideal link, lived till ninety, surviving all three ballerinas who had danced with her in the original *Pas de Quatre*, so beautifully revived by Anton Dolin. She only missed by a few days the opening of the first Diaghilev Ballet season in Paris (1909).

There is a good chapter entitled "The Decline of Ballet in the West" in which Mr. Guest covers the fifty years prior to the First World War, giving prominence to ballet at the London Alhambra and Empire Theatres, a subject about which he has already written with distinction. If ballet had declined, Londoners certainly rose to the occasion in 1911 when Diaghilev arrived on the scene with Fokine; and they more than vindicated themselves as connoisseurs of the noble art when both the Ballets Russes of De Basil and René Blum were contending for supremacy at Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Coliseum and Alhambra, in the nineteen-thirties. I can personally confirm Mr. Guest's account of the bitter rivalry between these two companies after the split in 1936, when De Basil and Blum decided to fight it out with "baby ballerinas" drawn, and no holds barred!*

He gives us some convincing bird's-eye views of contemporary ballet in France, Denmark, Britain, the United States and the Soviet Union. Though he regrets that he has not covered Italy today, he does not even mention the lively and well-established ballet in Hungary.

It cannot be said that this is one of those rare histories that take us to the top of a mountain, and show us the whole past in a wide clear sweep leading right up to the present. But Mr. Guest is an historian without a theory. He never tries to press the opera glasses to our eyes the wrong way round in the hope of making some inconvenient aspect appear smaller than it is.

The place of honour on the dust jacket is rightly given to Ulanova; but I think that the quality of some of the many photographs might easily have been improved.

All dancers and ballet-lovers should get hold of this book. It is undoubtedly a "must" for the student and the connoisseur.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

*Mr. Stoll became conductor of the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo in 1936.—Ed.

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RECORD GUIDE

Le Sacré du Printemps

There are now some ten recordings of Stravinsky's one-time world-shaking score from which to choose. Markevitch's new performance, HMV. ALP1745, with the Philharmonia, will replace his earlier one and although it has many virtues, I do not find that it stands up to Dorati's with the Minneapolis S.O., Mercury MMA11118. Dorati's fast tempi do not agree with the composer's markings but neither do Stravinsky's! It is the primitive feeling he brings out with such intensity that makes Dorati's interpretation remarkable—recording excellent.

Symphonie Fantastique

And of Berlioz' work we find an even larger choice to delight or daunt us. Monteux and the V.P.O. gives a fine account of it, RCA. RB16215. He takes a more leisurely pace than many, which brings out the true beauty of the slow movement but you may consider that it does not pay off so well in the others. Every great work has more than one great interpretation and for me my preference lies with Beecham.

Chopin Concerto

Nijinska's ballet, *Chopin Concerto*, is choreographed to the composer's youthful and first attempt in this field—he was only twenty at the time. It seems most fitting, therefore, that a very young pianist, Manrizio Pollini, should have such success, at eighteen, as he has had with his first record, HMV. ALP1794. They were so confident of his ability that they signed him up before the 1960 Frederic Chopin Competition, held in Warsaw, which he won. He has the youthfulness that one can enjoy and admire, possessing not only strength and speed but a sense of poetry that is lacking so generally these days. High praise is equally due to Kletzki and the Philharmonia and it is a pleasure to recommend this record.

The Sorcerer's Apprentice

It was the great Fokine, amongst many other choreographers to have used this ever popular work of Dukas', who set it to his ballet, *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, for one of the charity performances at the Maryinsky. And now we have the great Toscanini on Camden CDN1027 giving one of those amazing renderings. Here his insatiable driving force is really thrilling, though there are times when it can be a fault rather than a virtue. The *Siegfried Idyll* and Rossini's *Semiramide Overture* are also included, but it is the two preludes from *La Traviata*, with the violins singing like nightingales till your heart nearly breaks, that makes this disc. It is not a record for hi-fi merchants, but music lovers. The transfer of a 1929 recording is a work of art in itself.

Constantia

Both Chopin's *Second Piano Concerto* and his *Fantasia in F minor*—William Dollar's *Constantia* and Nijinska's *In Memoriam* respectively—were recorded by Malcuizinsky many years back but this time the concerto is accompanied by Susskind and the L.S.O., Columbia 33CX1695, instead of Kletzki and the Philharmonia. As a team, the change does not seem to be for the best though many will choose this disc for Malcuizinsky's playing of the *Fantasia*.

Faust

When Gounod's opera was first produced at the Paris Opera, he had to add the ballet music in Act V as no Parisian audience would tolerate an opera without ballet in those days. And so one of the most performed pieces of music was born. Georg Solti, our new Musical Director at Covent Garden, with this orchestra, gives us a bright, enthusiastic rendering on a little seven-inch Decca, CEP668, and I hope we will have many other good things from him during his term of office.

Concerto aux Étoiles

It is remarkable the number of Bartok's works that are attracting choreographers. Not only are they satisfying their own creative instincts but at the same time encouraging the ballet-goer to broaden his range of musical appreciation. "They know not Tchaikovsky who only Tchaikovsky know" is very true and those who have seen Harald Lander's ballet, *Concerto aux Étoiles* or Milloss' *Soglia del Tempo*, both set to Bartok's *Concerto for Orchestra*, may well wish to have Dorati's masterly performance on Mercury, MMA11082, which is coupled with a fine rendering of *Hungarian Sketches*.

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AUSTRALIA

THE BOROVANSKY BALLET 1960

ON the 22nd October the Company opened their season in Melbourne with a new production of *Coppélia*, revised by Peggy van Praagh, with sets and costumes specially designed by Kenneth Rowell.

The first programme, in which Miss van Praagh also reproduced *Les Rendezvous* with choreography by Frederick Ashton, ran for almost three weeks. The new productions came in for a great deal of praise, and it is obvious that the months of hard work under the new artistic direction of Miss van Praagh and ballet master Algeranoff are now paying big dividends. Algeranoff played the role of Dr. Coppélius, principal dancers Kathleen

Dr. Coppélius

Gorham and Patricia Cox alternated in the role of Swanilda, with Robert Pomie and Jeffrey Kovel as Franz.

The present production follows closely that of our own Royal Ballet, which is based on the St. Petersburg version of the early years of this century as noted down by Nicolai Serguéff.

Swanilda Act I

The season continued with a second programme of *Les Sylphides*, *The Eternal Lovers*, the *Don Quixote* pas de deux and *Le Beau Danube* followed by a third consisting of *Graduation Ball* and *Giselle* which ran through to December 8th. The production of a new ballet is likely this year, but a great deal depends of course on whether the efforts now being made to obtain a Government subsidy reach early fruition.

KENNETH ROWELL'S

COSTUME DESIGNS

FOR THE BOROVANSKY

PRODUCTION OF

COPPELIA



Bottom row left to right:

The Burgomaster

Franz Acts I and II

The Duke Act III

Photo on opposite page

Kathleen Gorham in Act I





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